



Christopher Hogwood *Artistic Director*

ONE HUNDRED SEVENTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1989-90

January 14 at 8:00 pm

JORDAN HALL, BOSTON

History and Architecture of Jordan Hall

John McConnell, H&H Architectural Lecturer

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The Consort of Musicke Trio

Emma Kirkby *soprano* Evelyn Tubb *soprano* Anthony Rooley *lute*

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI  
(1567-1643)

*O come sei gentile*

LUZZASCO LUZZASCHI  
(1545-1607)

*Cor mio, deh non languire*

GIROLAMO FRESCOBALDI  
(1583-1643)

*Deh, vien da me pastorella*

ANGELO NOTARI  
(1566-1663)

*Intenerite voi  
Piangono al Pianger  
Girate occhi*

FRANCESCO COSTA  
(flourished 1615-1626)

*Il Pianto d'Arianna*

SIGISMONDO D'INDIA  
(1582-1629)

*Dove Potro  
Alla Guerra d'Amore*

INTERMISSION

HENRY LAWES  
(1596-1662)

*This Mossy Bank They Pressed  
Dialogue on a Kiss*

NICHOLAS LANIER  
(1588-1666)

*Though I am Young*

JOHN BLOW  
(1649-1708)

*Sappho to the Goddess of Love*

NOT PERFORMED;

substituted H. Lawes  
Solo

HENRY PURCELL  
(1659-1695)

*Celemene, Pray tell me  
Two Daughters of this Aged Stream  
Love, though art best*

The use of cameras or tape recorders during Handel & Haydn Society concerts is strictly prohibited.

*O come sei gentile*

O come sei gentile  
Caro augellino; o quanto  
E'l mio stato amoroso al tuo simile:  
Io prigion, tu prigion;  
tu canti, io canto.

Tu canti per colei  
Che t'ha legato et io canto per lei.

Ma in questo e differente  
La mia sorte dolente:  
Che giova pur a te l'lessar canoro;  
Vivi cantando et io cantando moro.

*Cor mio*

Cor mio, deh non languire,  
Che fai teco languir l'anima mia.  
Odi caldi sospiri a te gl'invia  
La pietate e'l desire.  
Mira in questi d'amor languidi lumi  
Come il duol mi consumi.  
Si ti potessi dar morend'aita  
Morrei per dar ti vita,  
Ma vivi, oime, ch'ingiustamente more  
Chi vivo tien nel l'altrui petto  
il core.

*Deh, vien da me*

Deh, vien da me pastorella  
Vien qui tra i fior, ch'io invito,

Muov'il bel pie sovra il lido,  
Senti ch'amor ti rappella  
In gioventu cosi bella,  
In sul fiorir dell'etade;  
Deh, non celar la beltade  
Ch'amor e'l ciel ti concede;  
Deh, vien da me, muovi il piede.

Monteverdi/Guarini

How pretty you are,  
Sweet little bird; oh how  
Like yours is my state of love:  
I am a prisoner, you are a prisoner;  
you sing, I sing.

You sing for the lady  
Who has bound you and I too sing for her.

But here lies the difference  
In my mournful fate:  
That your sweet voice is your fortune;  
You live singing, and I, singing, die.

Luzzaschi

My heart, oh do not languish,  
For you make my soul languish with you.  
Listen to the hot sighs which pity  
And desire send you.  
Look into these languid eyes of love  
And see how grief consumes me.  
If, by dying, I could help you,  
I would die to give you life;  
But you live, alas, and he dies unjustly  
Who has you, alive, in another's breast.

Frescobaldi

Ah, come to me, sweet shepherdess;  
Come here midst the flowers, I invite you.

Move your lovely foot along the beach,  
Hear love beckoning you  
In beautiful youth,  
In the flowering of age;  
Ah, do not conceal the beauty  
Which love and heaven have granted you;  
Ah, come to me, hasten your step.

Deh, non fugir, ritrosetta,  
Torn'a posar tra le frondi;  
Deh, perch'a me ti nascondi?  
Torn'a gioir, sull'erbetta,  
Godi da te pur soletta,  
Ch'io vo'tacer, e penare;  
Col mio morir vo' parlare  
E parlera la mia fede;  
Deh, non fuggir, muovi il piede.

*Intenerite voi*

Intenerite voi, lagrime mie,  
Intenerite voi quel duro core  
Ch'invan percote Amore.  
Versate a mille a mille,  
Fate di pianto un mar, dolenti stille

O quel mio vago scoglio  
D'alterezza e d'orgoglio,  
Ripercosso da voi, men duro sia

O se n'esca con voi l'anima mia.

*Piangono al pianger*

Piangono al pianger mio le fere,  
e i sassi  
A miei caldi sospir traggon sospiri.  
L'aer d'i torno nubiloso fassi,  
Mosso a ch'egli a pietà de miei  
martiri.

Ovunque volgo giro e passi  
Par che ci me si pianga e si  
sospiri.

Par che dica ciascun mosso al  
mio duolo,  
"Che fai tu qui meschin,  
doglioso e solo?"

Ah, don't shy away,  
Come to lie midst the leafy branches;  
Ah, why do you hide from me?  
Come and enjoy the soft grass,  
Enjoy even as if alone,  
For I shall suffer in silence;  
With my death I shall speak,  
And my faith will also speak;  
Ah, do not flee, hasten your step.

Notari/Rinuccini

Soften, my tears,  
Soften that hard heart  
Against which Love dashes in vain.  
Pour forth in your thousands,  
Tears of sorrow, and make a sea of woe.

May that beloved rock of mine,  
Rock of haughtiness and pride,  
When you smash against it, be less  
unyielding  
Or else may my soul with you depart.

Notari

The wild beasts grieve at my grief,  
and the stones  
Heave sighs at my impassioned sighing.  
The air round about becomes cloudy,  
It also is moved to pity by my torments.

Wherever I rest, wherever I tread  
It seems that they sigh and lament for  
me.

It seems that each one, moved by my  
grief, says  
"What are you doing here, wretched one,  
mournful and alone?"



*Girate occhi*

Girate occhi, girate  
A miei che tanto priegano  
Gli sguardi che non piegano  
Giamia verso pietate  
Che se da lor si tolgono  
Occhi a ragion si dolgono.

I sul mettin d'Aprile  
Qua do i nemi tranquillano,  
Fresche rose sfavillano  
D'un vermiglio gentile,  
E così dolce odorano  
Che Zeffiro inamorano.

Vergini peregrini,  
Come lor s'avvicinano,  
Così lieti destinano  
Torne corona al crine;  
Al crine one i catenano  
I cor, ch'a morte menano

*Pianto d'Arianna*

Lasciatemi morire,  
E che volete voi che mi conforte  
In così dura sorte  
In così gran martire?  
Lasciatemi morire.

O Teseo, O Teseo mio  
Sì che mio ti vo dir  
Che mio pur sei  
Ben che t'involi,  
Ahi crudo agli occhi miei;  
Volgiti Teseo mio,  
Volgiti Teseo O Dio  
Volgiti in dietro a rimirar  
Colei ch'è lasciato per te  
La Patria e il Regno  
E in queste arene ancora  
Cibo di fere in solitarie arene  
Lascierà l'ossa ignude.  
O Teseo O Teseo mio  
Se tu sapessi O Dio  
Se tu sapessi ohime  
Come s'affanna la povera Arianna,  
Forse pentito rivolgeresti  
ancor la prora allito.

Notari

Turn, eyes  
which never give way to pity,  
turn towards mine, which plead so much  
for your glances,  
which rightly grieve  
If yours are taken from them.

On an April morning  
when the clouds are calm,  
fresh roses sparkle  
with a gentle blush,  
and smell so sweet  
that they enchant the west wind.

Precious young girls,  
as they approach so joyfully,  
intend to make a garland  
for their hair,  
with which they captivate the heart,  
and lead it to death.

Francesco Costa

O let me now die.  
What can soften  
my harsh fate  
or comfort my great suffering?  
O let me now die.

O Theseus, O my Theseus,  
yes, I call you mine,  
for yet you are mine,  
though you flee  
o cruel one, from my eyes;  
turn back, my Theseus,  
turn back, Theseus, O God!  
Turn back to see  
she who left homeland  
and kingdom for you,  
and who, on these deserted shores,  
food for cruel and merciless beasts,  
will leave her bare bones.  
O Theseus, O my Theseus,  
if only you knew, O God!  
if only you knew, alas,  
how troubled is your poor Ariadne,  
perhaps, repentant, you would turn your  
prow back towards these shores.

Ma con l'aure serene  
 Tu te ne vai felice  
 E io qui piango.  
 A te prepara Atene liete,  
 pompe superbe,  
 Et io rimango cibo di fere

In solitarie arene.  
 Te l'uno e l'altro tuo vecchio  
 parente  
 stringeran lieto  
 Et io piu non vedrovi,  
 O Madre, O Padre mio.  
 Dov'e, dov'e la fede che tanto  
 mi giuravi?  
 Così nel alta sede tu mi riponde  
 gl'avi?  
 Queste son le corone onde m'adorni  
 il crine?  
 Queste li scettri sono  
 Queste le gemme e gli ori

Lasciarmi in abbandono  
 A fiera che mi strazi e mi divori?

O venti, O turbi, O nembi  
 Sommergete io voi dentro a  
 quell'onde  
 Correte orche e balene e delle  
 membra immonde  
 Empiete le voragie profonde.

Misera ancor do loco alla tradita  
 speme  
 E non si spagne fra tanti schemi

Ancor d'Amor il foco?  
 Spegni tu Morte o mai led fiamme  
 indegne.  
 O Madre, O Padre,  
 O del antico Regno superbi alberghi

Dove hebbi d'or la cuna;  
 O servi, O fidi amici  
 Ahi fatt'indegno.  
 Mirate ove m'ha scorto empia  
 fortuna.  
 Mirate di che duol m'ha fatta  
 crede  
 L'amor mio, la mia fe,  
 L'altrui inganno. Così fa  
 Chi troppo ama e troppo crede

But with calm breezes  
 you depart happily  
 while I weep here.  
 For you Athens prepares happy,  
 splendid festivities,  
 while I remain here the prey of wild  
 beasts  
 on these deserted shores.  
 Both your aged parents  
 will happily embrace you,  
 while I shall never see you again,  
 O Mother, O my Father.  
 Where, O where is the faith you swore to  
 me repeatedly?  
 Thus on the lofty throne of your  
 ancestors you place me?  
 Are these the garlands with which you  
 adorn my tresses?  
 These are the sceptres,  
 and these the precious stones and  
 jewels;  
 to be abandoned  
 to wile beasts which will tear apart and  
 devour me.  
 O storms, O tempests, O winds,  
 drown him beneath those waves.  
 Hasten, whales and monsters, and with  
 his foul limbs  
 fill your voracious depths.

Poor wretch; yet do I hope in spite of  
 betrayal;  
 does not even such great derision  
 extinguish  
 love's fire?  
 Now, Death, shall you extinguish my  
 unworthy ardour.  
 O Mother, O Father,  
 O splendid palaces of that ancient  
 kingdom  
 where my cradle was of gold;  
 O servants, trusted friends,  
 ah, cruel fate.  
 Look where pitiless destiny has led me.

Observe the pain inflicted by  
 my love, my faith, and the deceit  
 of others. Thus chooses one who  
 loves too much and trusts too deeply.

*Dove Potro*

Dove potro mai gir tanto lontano

Ch'io non senta d'Amor l'acuto  
strale?

Dove mai fuggiro che non sia invano

Innanzi a quel che ha sì veloci  
l'ale?

Dove ne andro che quella bianca  
mano

E quei begli occhi donde Amor  
m'assale

Non me sian sempre innanzi in  
ogni loco,

Si che arda piu quanto ho piu  
lunghi il foco?

d'India

Wherever shall I be able to go, that is  
far enough away  
Not to feel the sharp arrows of Love?

Wherever shall I flee so that I am not  
powerless  
In front of the one who has such a fast  
wing?

Where shall I go so that that white hand

And those beautiful eyes from which Love  
assails me  
Are not continually before me  
everywhere,  
So that the fire burns more in me,  
the further I am from her.

*Alla Guerra d'Amore*

Alla guerra, alla guerra d'amore!  
Hor che par che n'appelle  
La stagion e diletto del core

All guerra, alla guerra d'amore.

All'arringo le dame piu belle  
Se ne venghino ardite,  
Ove si gusta soave il dolore,  
Alla guerra, alla guerra d'amore.

E le trombe e le dolci ferite  
Sono gl'ardenti baci  
Onde si vive content'e si more,  
Alla guerra, alla guerra d'amore.

Qui le risse e gl'assalti sono  
paci  
Ed ha vittoria eguale  
Cosi il vinto come il vincitore,  
Alla guerra, alla guerra d'amore.

d'India

To the war, to the war of love!  
Now that it seems we are called  
By the season of the year and the  
heart's delight  
To the war, to the war of love.

To the lists let the fairest ladies  
Come undaunted,  
Where pain is sweetly savoured,  
In the war, in the war of love.

And trumpet calls and welcome wounds  
Are burning kisses  
By which we joyfully live and die,  
In the war, in the war of love.

Here melees and attacks are times of  
peace  
And victory is shared  
By vanquished and victor,  
In the war, in the war of love.

*This Mossy Bank*

*A dialogue between a Shepherd and Nymph*

Lawes/Carew

Shepherd: This mossy bank they pressed.

Nymph: That aged oak did canopy the happy pair  
All night from the dark air.



- Chorus: Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke,  
When the day breaking their embraces broke.
- Shepherd: See, love, the blushed of the morn appear,  
And now she hangs her pearly store  
Robb'd from the Eastern shore,  
i'th' Cowslips-bell and Roses ear:  
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.
- Nymph: Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,  
No morn shall shine till thy return;  
The yellow planet and the grey  
Dawn shall attend thee on the way.
- Shepherd: If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear their  
useless shine.
- Nymph: My tears will quite extinguish their faint light.
- Shepherd: Those drops will make their beams more clear:  
Love's flames will shine on ev'ry tear.
- Chorus: They wept and kissed, and from their lips and eyes  
in a mixt dew of briny sweet  
Their joys and sorrows meet: but she cries out:
- Nymph: Shepherd arise, the sun betrays us else to spies.
- Shepherd: The winged hours fly fast whilst we embrace;  
But when we want their help to meet,  
They move with leaden feet.
- Nymph: Then let us pinion Time, and chase the day  
For ever from this place.
- Shepherd: Hark!
- Nymph: Ah me! Stay.
- Shepherd: For ever.
- Nymph: No, no, arise, we must be gone.
- Shepherd: My nest of spice.
- Nymph: My soul.
- Shepherd: My paradise.
- Chorus: Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes  
Grief interrupted speech, with tears supplies.

*Dialogue on a Kiss*

Lawes

Question: Among thy fancies tell me this,  
What is the thing we call a kiss?

Reply: I shall resolve you what it is:  
It is a creature born and bred  
Betwixt the lips all cherry red,  
By love and warm desire red.

Chorus: And makes more sweet the bridal bed.

It is an active flame that flies  
First to the babies of the eyes,  
And charms it there with lullabies.  
And stills the bride too when she cries.  
Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,  
It frisks, it flies, now here, now there;  
'Tis now far off, and now 'tis near;  
'Tis here and there and everywhere.

Question: Has it a voicing virtue?

Reply: Yes.

Question: How speaks it then?

Reply: Do you but this:  
Part your joined lips then speaks the kiss.

Chorus: And this love's sweet language is.

Question: Has it a body?

Reply: Aye, and wings,  
With thousand various colourings,  
And as it flies it sweetly sings  
Love honey yields but never stings.

*Though I am Young*

Lanier

Though I am young and cannot tell,  
Either what love or death is well;  
And then again I have been told,  
Love wounds with heat, and death with cold;

Yet I have heard they both bear darts,  
And both do aim at human hearts;  
So that I fear they do but bring  
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.



*Sappho to the Goddess of Love*

Blow

Oh Venus! Daughter of the mighty Jove!  
 Who art so knowing in the art of love;  
 Assist me now, oh! quickly send relief  
 And suffer not my heart to break with grief;  
 If ever thou hast heard me when I prayed  
 Oh! come now great goddess, come to thy Sappho's aid;  
 Oft have my prayers, such favours hast thou shown,  
 From Heaven's golden mansions called thee down.

See she comes in her Carulean car,  
 The flying chariot cuts the yielding air;  
 See how the nimble sparrows stretch the wing;  
 And through the region do the goddess bring;  
 To me she comes, to me she's ever kind,  
 And smiling, asks me what afflicts thy mind?  
 Why am I called? Why? Tell me what is't thou wants:  
 Oh! Venus, don't you know why all these plaints?

'Tis love, 'tis love, I rage, the fatal dart  
 Sticks in my side; how can I bear the smart?  
 What youth, what raging lover shall I gain?  
 Where is the captive that should wear my chain?  
 Alas, poor Sappho, who is the ingrate?  
 Who wrongs thy love, repays with scorn or hate?  
 Does he now fly thee? He shall soon return,  
 Shall follow thee, and with like ardour burn.

Will he not present at thy hands receive?  
 He shall repent it, and more largely give:  
 The force of love no longer shall withstand;  
 He shall be fond, be all at thy command:  
 When wilt thou work this change? Now, Venus, free,  
 Now ease my mind of all this misery;  
 Forsake me not; my powerful helper be,  
 Let Phaon love; but let him love like me.

*Celemene, Pray tell me*

Purcell

A dialogue in "Oroonoko," sung by the Boy and Girl

He:           Celemene, pray tell me,  
              When those pretty eyes I see,  
              When my heart beats in my breast,  
              Why will it not let me rest?  
              Why this trembling too all o're?  
              Pains I never felt before.  
              And when I touch your hand,  
              Why I wish I was a man?

She:           How should I know more than you?  
              Yet would be a woman too.  
              When you wash yourself and play,  
              I methinks could look all day;  
              Nay just now am pleased so well,  
              Should you kiss me, I won't tell.

He:           Though I could that all day,  
              And desire no better play,  
              Sure in love there's something more,  
              Which makes Mamma so big before.

She:           Once by chance I heard it named;  
              Don't ask what for I'm ashamed;  
              Stay but till you're past fifteen,  
              Then you'll know what 'tis I mean.

He:           However, lose not present bliss,  
              But now we're alone, let's kiss.

She:           My breasts so heave!

He:           My heart does so pant!

Both:          There's something more we want!

*Two Daughters of this Aged Stream*  
From *King Arthur*

Purcell

Two daughters of this aged stream are we,  
And both our sea-green locks have comb'd for ye;  
Come, bathe with us an hour or two,  
Come naked in for we are so,  
What danger from a naked for?

Come, bathe with us and share  
What pleasures in the floods appear;  
We'll beat the waters till they bound,  
And circle round.

*Love Thou Art Best*

Purcell

Love, thou art best of human joys;  
Our chiefest happiness below;  
All other pleasures are but toys;  
Music without that is but noise;  
And beauty but an empty show.

Heaven who knew best what men could move,  
And raise his thoughts above the brute,  
Said let him be and let him love;  
That alone must his soul improve;  
Howe're philosophers dispute.

ENCORE - Monteverdi's "Sancta Maria"

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The Handel & Haydn Society is supported in part by generous grants from the National Endowment for the Arts, the Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities and the Boston Arts Lottery Council.

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This concert is being recorded for broadcast by WBUR, 90.9 FM. Handel & Haydn Society's 1987 performance of Mozart's Requiem will be broadcast on WBUR on Sunday, January 21 at 8:00 p.m.



## EMMA KIRKBY

*Soprano*

"Emma Kirkby's remarkably clear, agile voice has made her the world's most celebrated interpreter of early vocal music" (Vancouver Sun). She is constantly besieged with requests to perform throughout the world, from the United States to Japan. She regularly appears as soloist with the Academy of Ancient Music, the Taverner Players and London Baroque, as well as being specially invited to perform with many other ensembles. In addition to her solo work, she takes delight in performing vocal chamber music with the Consort of Musicke, with whom she spends a large part of each year on tour. Her recording output is too extensive to detail, numbering by now well over 100 records. The incisive intelligence, as well as the uniquely beautiful voice and brilliant musicianship she brings to her performances, make hearing her an experience not to be forgotten.

## EVELYN TUBB

*Soprano*

Evelyn Tubb comes from a line of ballerinas and musicians; following in the family tradition, she has been a dancer, multi-instrumentalist, and singer in a wide variety of styles. In the last ten years, she has become well known in the field of early music, both as soloist, and with the Consort of Musicke, with whom she has made many recordings for disc and radio, and performed throughout the world. Recent solo work has included performances of Monteverdi's Vesper music with Gustav Leonhardt, *Poppea* with Roger Norrington's Early Opera Project, and Purcell's *Fairy Queen* at the Salzburg Festival. Recordings released in 1988 featured an album of Monteverdi duets (with Emma Kirkby) and Blow's *Venus and Adonis* (in which she sings the role of Cupid), while recordings of Handel, Mozart and Beethoven are forthcoming. Last November saw her third recital tour of Japan, with her husband lutenist Michael Fields.

## ANTHONY ROOLEY

*Lute*

Anthony Rooley — lutenist, sculptor, writer and director of the Consort of Musicke — has spent his life delving into and resurrecting the forgotten musical masterpieces of the Renaissance. But being very much a man of today, he is not content merely to present his finds in the scholarly manner of a musical archaeologist but rather aims for an inspired communication to take place during the act of performance, involving performer, composer and hearers alike. Rooley's Consort of Musicke, which he founded in 1969, has won the respect and love of audiences around the world, as has his duo combination with Emma Kirkby (sometimes extended to a trio with bass David Thomas or soprano Evelyn Tubb). And as a sculptor, he continues his exploration into the meaning of performance by experimenting with the unexpected in wood, iron and stone.

## JOHN MC CONNELL

*Architectural Lecturer*

A native of Pittsfield, Massachusetts; John McConnell is the principal of his own architecture firm in Winchester, Massachusetts specializing in residential and small-scale design. He is Adjunct Professor of American Architectural History at Boston College and a Lecturer in Architectural History at Harvard University's Graduate School of Design.

He was awarded an A.B. degree in English by Michigan State University, followed in 1976 by the Master in Architecture degree from Harvard University. The ensuing twelve years of professional practice for various firms in Boston include such accomplishments as the design of the Fye Chemical Laboratory for the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution and the award-winning renovation of the Old South Church at Copley Square (both for Shepley Bulfinch Richardson and Abbott), as well as Cityfair, a large festival marketplace in the center of Charlotte, North Carolina (for Lane, Frenchman & Associates).